THE STORY OF HANNAH WRAY.

By EDWIN W. PUGH.

Author of "A Street in Suburbia."

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SYNOPSIS. The story has been told to the author by Jacob Bern, or Barn, who worked as serving man for Hannah Wray, in her youth, Hannah comest to the little town of Market Wander, in western England, from London, and establishes herself at a house on the outskirts of the place. Sie does not associate with the residents, and little is known of her, although it is taken for granted that she had been married. She excites curiosity by her daily rides She excites curiosity by her daily fides on horseback, but this wears away. It is observed that she usually rides in the vicinity of the jail, where convicts are at work in the field. One day a dense for settles on the country. Hamush Wray hears the sound of a gun in the direction of the jail. She sets lighted candles in her window. She is shortly afterward visited by a serverant and guards, who visited by a sergeant and guards, who inquire whether she has seen an escaped convict. They leave, and she hears a tap at the window, She sees the face of a man who calls her by name. She opens

PART II.

"Is it John?" she faltered. He said: "Yes," and she drew him into the room and closed the door.

"Bolt it," he said. She struggled with the heavy fastenings, and he went to her aid. Their hands touched. He looked at her. 'Hannah, poor girl!" he whispered.

"Don't think of me," she gasped. 'Let's see your face, Hannah. Here hold up your chin. I'm hungry for a good long sight of you.' He turned her face to the fire. Very

'My Hannah! He kissed her on the lips. She suffered the caress. Her proud face quivered; her eyes burned.

He gazed at her mournfully,

"So cold!" he cried, snatching at her hand, "Why is this?"

"Ah, no," she murmured, in a little say. Then he went scudding up the while. "We must not daily, John. You high road at a great pace.

at least, that I may make sure of just | news

she crouched beside him while he rasped at his bonds. "I used to see you on the hill when you rode out," se said. "That was a

Sign? "A sign," she answered. "I understood, and knew that you

were near me." "My guiltless one!" "Ah, God, yes! My Hannah! It

helped me to endure. It kept me from madness. I could hope and pray with you near me "My poor love!" "We will be happy yet, my Hannah!"

She smilled and nodded. nade such cunning schemes," breathed, "It is all planned. If today had happened a year ago or ten years' hence it would be the same. The op-portunity always comes at last. * * Now, listen and admire. Mark waits for you at Saint Boze to take you over to the new world!" "Our new world!"

Her gaze had fallen suddenly upon his heavy irons; a racking sob burst from her. The life and sparkle died out of her face. She wept aloud.
"Oh, the cruel chains!" she cried.

"No, no," he murmured, soothing her distress. "You must not cry so. You rave been so brave!" "I am a woman," she answered.

"The womant" he exclaimed, "See how straight I came to you. There, there, my love, let me kiss away your The file lay idle on the floor whilst



"HE'S GOT THE SCENT OF US!"

death after all! "Oh, my love, my dear love!" she mouned, and touched his worn face

with her fingers. He moved to take her in his arms again, and his chains clanked on the "Ah, a file," he said.

She had it at hand, and brought it to him. He knelt upon the ground, and



lace in a house or fort, or any place of deense, usually turns out to be that which was thought strongest. The weakest place body is that in which he

The weakest

esteems himself strongest. Achilles never thought he would turn his heel to an enemy, but it was in that unarmored place the fatal arrow was planted. It is usually the organ in his body that a man thinks strongest, that disease assaults and batters down. Caution a man about neglecting his health and mention consumption, and he will pound his chest and laugh you to He does not realize that consumption beats down this defense imperceptibly, inch by inch. The lungs once attacked the only weapon of defense is the right remedy

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heautiful she looked in that soft light. he held her in his arms.

3 3 3 3 4 4 A pediar happened to pass along the road that night; on his road to Market Wander. He saw the lights burning in Hannah Wray's window and entered her garden, intending to knock at the door and offer his wares to the good Then, her womanhood melting, she wife of the house. Hearing voices, held out her arms in invitation to him, however, and seeing that no blind or and murmured his name tenderly. He curtains obscured the window, he was guther her to his breast, * * moved by idle curlosity to play the moved by idle curlosity to play the

must take horse and away."

"Not yet," he said. "There is no danger yet. Let me stay here an hour The pedlar burst upon them with his



a little joy. Think how hard it would | "So," said Shepherd Gurney, after be to ride away from you and meet there had been much palayer of questions and answers: "it was for this she come among us, hey!"

"Not so mad, after all," quoth Joshua the Snip. "I misdoubted her from the first, wi' her on-Christian ways an' her harse an' her gallivantin'. 'Twas all of a plot, d'ye see,

"Tis pretty, too, lads, in the wo man," said the parish clerk. "I doubt but you'd be glad o' such a heart in your own wives. To be near her man! There could ha' been little plot in It She must just ha' waited an' prayed, I yow. Seems like an answer a'most, to

"Out upon such giddy reasonin'!" ried the shepherd angrily. "Th' Al mighty would never put such a slight apon the British constitution as to take sides wi' its law-breakers. It girds me to hear such sentimental talk from a lettered man, now."

"Happen he was innocent, d'ye see," eried the clerk.

The sergeant interposed. "Tell m about this woman." They whelmed him in a flood of vords. He bade them be silent, and

drew his men aside. Presently they mounted their horses and rode off, with half the town straggling behind them.

But Jacob Bern, or Barn, was before them at Hannah Wray's cottage with the news of their oncoming.

The soldiers rode slowly up the bluff of hill, being careful of their horses vind, and paused for an instant on the summit. The townfolk panted after them, laughing and hallocing. "Quiet, there!" growled the sergeant ooking back.

In the ensuing silence one of the private soldiers cried out: "Hark!" A sound of clattering hoofs rose on the wind. The figure of a horseman broke from the cover about Hannah Way's cottage, and went off at a round

gallop down the road. "God but he's got the scent of us!" ried the sergeant. "Now, lads! They clattered down the hill. The toon was up: a brisk wind had blown The newly-wedded wife, above all other women, needs a good medical book. Dr. Fierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser fills this want. It contains over 1000 pages and 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the physiology of the organs distinctly feminine. Send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing ouly, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy, paper-covered. If a cloth binding is wanted, send to cents extra (at cents in all). save when a horse slipped or shied and

eeded a kindly word. In a mile the beyond their ken. The sergeant swore lustily, and, putting on pace, drew ahead of his fellows. His was the best maliciously. The sergeant strode for-horse. But at a crossroad he was fore- ward with a startled face, gasping: ed to await his lagging men and call a halt.

"Rack me if I know which way the rascal's gone!" he growled. "Keep your horses still a moment. Hark!" He lowered his head and listened, At

nce the night seemed thick with nois- happily. s. An old cornerake in some firs at

commendable weariness. "'Pon my fugitive had doubled his lead and was honor, but I'm sorry to have caught His quarry laughed-softly, sweetly,

> What is this? Hannah Wray doffed her hat to him.

So, this true story ends. And I would that all true stories ended as

The outwitted sergeant rode back to hand uttered a rasping croak, and twen- Tigbury, leaving Hannah Wray to go y smaller birds in the trees and hedges free. "I honor you, ma'am, too much wittered in low, sleepy protest. The to lay my dirty hands upon you," he corses rattled their bits. An owl said, gallantly, at parting. His honest neeted mournfully. In the ditches the admiration of her exploit, and his fear rushing water purled and bubbled mer- | of the ridicule that must cover him if

sergeant's discomfiture already.

nan Wray was very great,he would like

to be sure, ere he dies, that her hus-

band was truly innocent; but this has

never been established. The happy up-

shot of the affair, however, the provi-

dential arrangement of circumstances

which brought the wife's young hopes

to sweet fruition, impels Jacob to the belief that John Wray was indeed a

The End.

The Value of Work.

And there the matter rests.

greatly injured man.



HANNAH WRAY DOFFED HER HAT TO HIM

pretty plot.

rily. The trees rustled in the breeze it became public, impelled him to si-Two dogs from rival farmhouses strug-gled for the last bark. But Jacob Bern, or Barn, had gone chuckling to The sergeant fingered his chin rue-

"Three roads * * * three men." he said, at last, "To the right, you! To him. He learned also the details of the

the left you! I'll go forward!" As those in the van of the townfolk mme toiling up the soldiers separated. sight of the soldiers to decoy them The sergeant galloped on, praying that the luck of a capture might be- chains and hideous convict garb, had fall him, after all. It was darker now. A rack of clouds

salling up swiftly from the west blurred took horse, and by midnight was at the sleeping village. Here he learned, to his comfort, that a horseman had passed that way only aminute or so be-

"Good!" he chuckled, and was off again, pell-mell, in the darkness, The night thickened momently. The moon was now hidden altogether and a brisk wind blew. In half an hour it began to rain, softly at first, then harder and faster, until from sky to earth the air seemed changed to water. Still the sergeant rode gamely on, swearing a little to case his growing spleen, but quite undaunted. The road he followed was hard at the best of times; now it became wicked and malicious. At every plunge of the horse a shower of sticky clods rose in a founhespattering his face . . But the full story of that stern ride through four wide counties and inopportune storm is too long to be told here. The sergeant kept in the fugitive's wake until two hours past midnight, when his weary horse fell lame. He led the spent beast into Tigbury as the clocks struck three. From the villagers he learned that the convict has passed through the town, go ing slowly, just two hours before, Nothing disheartened, the sergeant, after much bullying and supplication, borrowed a fresh, strong mount and rode

The sun was well up when the ser geant, topping a height of the South Downs, at last caught sight of the fugitive, woh had now dismounted and was leading his tired morse by the bridle. The sergeant whooped in triumph, and bore down swiftly on his difficult prey.

"Stay there!" he shouted. The plodding figure of the convict neither turned nor stopped nor altered pace, but kept on doggedly, as before slowly drawing the horse forward. The sergeant rode on ahead, drew his sword and dismounted. The fugitive stopped suddenly and hung his head. He was clad in a short cloak, obscuring all save his hat and boots and breeches.

"It was a plucky business, lad!" said the sergeant, gayly, drawing near with

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

[Under this heading short letters of in-terest will be published when accompa-nied, for publication, by the writer's name. The Tribune will not be held re-sponsible for opinions here expressed.]

A Plen for Arbitration.

Editor of The Tribune, Sir:—In view of the disturbed condition of Europe, which may at any moment plunge that continent in a bloody conflict, would it not seem at this time to be particularly appropriate to add a word in favor of the pending arbifration between the United States and Great Britain. In the interest of humanity we sincerely hope to see at no distant day the Anglo-American treaty confirmed by the senate The reverse would be a retrograde step by the most progressive country on the face of the globe, and diametrically opposed to America's forward march to an ideal civilization. If it falls we believe It will be upon narrow grounds. The whole of Europe is a slave to that thought. A pall hangs over the Eastern continent today, the searchlight of liberty hovers here, but in her darkened state the work of centuries, she falls to welcome the all-potent force of progress.

The people are enthralled, steeped in

poverty and misery, ignorance follows as a result, they bear the impress of oppresdon, and despair permeates the humble life. The people live in deadly fear of a conflict. The resources that should go to the aid of the down-trodden and mitigate the aid of the down-trodden and mitigate their sufferings goes to the support of the military. The sibiliant sounds of war fills the atmosphere, the blessed air of peace and freedom are an enigma to the people of Europe, they live in fear of their neighbor. In view of such unhappy environments does it not behove the fa-voxed of the earth to support all methods. vored of the earth to support all methods looking to the betterment of humanity. Arbitration must come, and a victory is assured by the two foremost nations of the earth, it is in touch and sympathy with Christian feachings and desires. This nation is a land of advanced ideas, and to her the world looks for suggestions favoring humanity, circumstances tend to that enobling and harmonious end. The ratification of the treaty is called for from philanthropists of both countries and in-telligence speaks imperatively for it.

It is unquestionably a powerful doc-trine, favorable to the unity of the two peoples upon international matters. The thought is commensurate with this day and age, and must prevail to the welfare "The Home Tap," and published the of the world at large. Revert to Europe today and we have a forelble lesson in support of arbitration. War is a travesty round chorus of rustic chaff assailed on intelligence. The high grade of in telligence possessing the two nations de Whilst Hannah Wray rode out in mand its ratification. The thought of was is retrograde and demoralizing, and the initiative must be embraced by those in away, her husband, divested of his the van of civilzation, and their influence should be made subscribent to that end. The world looks to the United States and escaped across country under cover of the darkness. At the nearest town he took horse, and by midnight was at the the moon. He rode three miles and town of Saint Boze, where a ship lay in ested can sing with inspiration a joyful came to an inn on the outskirts of a wife would follow him, no doubt. suggest the lines of Longfellow: Were half the power that fills the world Jacob, of the alternate name, confesses that, though his esteem for Han-

with terror Were half the wealth bestowed or camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from error.

There were no need of arsenals and

Fred. Hartnoll. Dunmore, Feb. 25, 1897.

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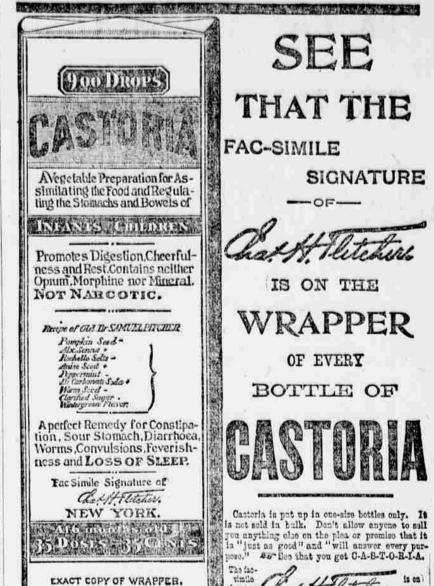




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